

Erica DeQuaya



DOUBLE  
MITZVAH

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by Erica DeQuaya

**Amber Quill Press, LLC**

[www.amberquill.com](http://www.amberquill.com)

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ISBN 1-59279-232-4

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## **DEDICATION**

*This book is dedicated to the religion of my birth.*

## DOUBLE MITZVAH

It's early afternoon, Friday. I dash home from work, my arms laden with groceries. In one of the bags is a loaf of braided bread, *challah*, I have bought from our local bakery. In the other bag is chicken and vegetables. As I put down the bags and unlock the door to our house, I'm trying to think of something creative to do with the chicken, but in the end, I'll bake it and serve it with green beans and carrots. It's the way I've always cooked it, because it's the way I know Joel likes it.

We're modern in many respects—I work a full-time job, and our son attends a secular school. When Joel goes to work at his law office, he doesn't cover his head with a hat or the Jewish head covering—the *kippah*. But in certain areas, my husband is a strict follower of the Orthodox Jewish faith. He follows carefully the dietary rules of our faith. And he insists on welcoming the Shabbat, the Jewish day of rest, in the proper way, complete with blessings over the candles, the wine, and the breaking of bread. I'm glad to do this because I love my husband. Besides, I, too, have succumbed to the charm of Shabbat.

I rush into the house and put the bags on the kitchen counter. I smell lemon wax. Marta has been in to clean today, meaning I won't have to vacuum or dust as well as cook.

I put the bread in the breadbox and place the bottles of wine in the dining room. I notice that Marta has anticipated me—our best lace cloth is spread over the dining room table.

I snag the bottle of Kosher grape juice from the bag and put it in the refrigerator. I smile as I do this, thinking of Jonathan and how he'll likely try to wheedle out of having the grape juice this evening and drink instead the wine that the adults are having.

I take out knives, cutting boards, and bowls and begin preparing carrots, celery, and potatoes for the meal, throwing them into a pan. But as I'm slicing, dicing, and chopping, my hands tremble slightly as I remember the brief exchange between my husband and myself that morning.

We were both standing at the front door, our ten-year-old son dancing impatiently on the sidewalk, waiting for his parents to say their goodbyes so he could get to school to see his friends. Ignoring the comments of our impetuous boy, Joel picked up my right hand and slowly licked my fingers one by one, his dark green eyes never leaving mine. I held my breath at the arousing impact of his warm tongue, and Joel flashed me a wicked grin.

"Stay tuned," he whispered before dropping my hand and joining our son.

I could see it in the depths of his eyes; there was more on his mind than sucking my fingers. But with Jonathan impatiently calling, there wasn't the chance to do much more.

That chance comes this evening, after the candles burn low, after the meal is eaten and after Jonathan goes to bed. Joel and I have just ended our period of *taharat ha-mish-pahka*, the family purity law urging separation of husband and wife while the wife menstruates—and for seven days after the bleeding stops. According to this law, a man must not lie

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with, touch, or kiss his wife during that period. Joel's mother has explained to me that this law, which reaches back thousands of years when our ancestors wandered the desert, is more sensible than spiteful. Waiting an additional seven days, she commented, meant the woman was at her most fertile time. In addition, the enforced wait boosted her mate's potency. This had been important, my mother-in-law said, in an agrarian society with a high infant mortality and low life spans.

But we no longer live on farms, and I sometimes discuss the family purity law with my friends, some of whom are Orthodox. Some pooh-pooh the idea of separation, telling me they're highly aroused while menstruating. But I'm different. Even if Joel and I didn't follow family purity law, he knows enough to stay away from me during my period. He gives me aspirin, makes me tea, makes sure my heating pad is working. Then he leaves me alone, knowing I'll be difficult to live with.

It's the waiting period after that is the most difficult. The lack of physical contact is delicate torture for us both, and we don't help one another by seducing each other with our eyes and verbal come-ons. Sometimes while I'm making dinner or washing the dishes, he'll come behind me. Although he doesn't lay a finger on me, the heat of his body, the clean smell of the soap he uses, and his hot breath on my neck is all it takes to start the passion running through my veins.

"The next time we fuck," he'll say in a low, intimate voice, "I'm going to give you a tongue bath. I'll start with your pretty toes and move my tongue up each leg until I get to



that wet tight cunt of yours. After I've licked between your gorgeous legs, I'll taste your stomach, then get my tongue on your nipples. I promise you, Annie. By the time you come, you'll be soaking wet, inside and out."

Or me, while he's watching a football game, I lean over to make sure he gets a full view of my breasts. While I wear high-neck, long-sleeve blouses, I'm not reluctant to leave a few buttons open to give my husband an eyeful of what he's missing.

"Are you hard yet?" I'll ask, breathing in his ear. "I hope so, because I can feel you in my mouth right now. I'm tasting you slowly, my tongue is circling your tip and I'm moving my mouth up and down your cock. God, you taste so good, I could lick and suck you for hours."

I see the flare of lust in his eyes and his ragged breathing as I move away—indications of his own arousal.

The night before, I had gone to the *mikvah*, the ritual bath, for purification. There, naked, I spoke the Hebrew prayer that proclaimed me ready to receive my husband, then submerged myself completely. I'm ready to receive him, all right. This minute.

As I place the sliced carrots and potatoes in the pot with the chicken, season it and shove the whole thing in the oven, my entire body spasms in desire and I feel sticky wetness between my legs. If Joel were here right now, I'd beg him to take me now, right here on the kitchen floor, and put an end to this enforced celibacy.

But he's not here. I consider lying down and satisfying myself. I remember one similar afternoon when I was too

aroused to wait until Joel came home. I stripped off my clothes and flung myself into a cold shower, which did no good. Finally, giving in to the inevitable, I lay on the freshly made bed naked and played with my nipples until they were swollen and hard and I could feel my breath coming fast and hot in my throat. I reached between my legs, and slid two fingers into my creamy cunt. I continued moving my fingers in and out, stroking my engorged clit.

I teased myself slowly, deliberately until I couldn't stop myself from coming. In the aftermath, I lay there, eyes closed, breathing heavily. A soft sound startled me, making me open my eyes. Joel was standing by the side of the bed, naked, his penis erect, his fingers dancing along the hardness. He smiled as he stroked himself.

"I had some time off from work so I came home early," he said, his voice husky. "Little did I know I would walk into such a pleasant surprise."

I said nothing. My attention was on his cock, which was growing larger under his ministrations.

"As you can see," he continued, "I enjoyed watching you pleasure yourself. I could sit here all afternoon and watch you do that again and again. But first—"

Before I could react, he knelt at the foot of the bed, pulling me gently toward him, and put his mouth between my legs. I spread my thighs, allowing him easier access. His lips moved on my lower lips in an erotic french kiss, spreading them wide. In the meantime, his tongue moved slowly into my slit, caressing my drenched and swollen pussy, stroking my clit. I arched my back in pure ecstasy, the heat building in my lower

belly, then his mouth engulfed me and he sucked hungrily. I couldn't control the spasms that suddenly rocked my body.

"Joel," I said, gasping. "Oh God ... Joel..." I screamed as my second orgasm took me, and he continued tonguing me with tortured slowness, only stopping when my cries died to whimpers.

The rest of the afternoon had been more of the same, as we continued arousing and sating one another with our mouths, tongues, hands, and bodies. But the memory of that afternoon isn't helping me now. It's getting me more excited.

I go into the living room, hoping the scent of cool lemon wax will calm me down. As I sit by the window and try to engross myself in a book, I wryly reflect how far I have come—from the good-time girl who had no qualms about jumping into bed with strangers to this matron who, beneath her long skirts and long-sleeved shirts, is wet with anticipation of the night to come.

\* \* \* \*

More than twelve years ago, I stunned friends and family by announcing I was to marry the youngest son of an Orthodox rabbi. I had expected the astonishment. What I had not expected was the downright hostility and hysteria that met my news.

My father, a thoroughly non-observant Jew who attended synagogue only twice a year on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, was skeptical and angry about my choice for a mate. He had frank contempt for the old Jewish ways; a contempt

that had been fostered from his grandfather, an extremely rigid Orthodox Jew.

While my father had a distaste of the “old Judaism,” my mother had a downright hatred of it. A feminist rebel long before it was fashionable to be called such, she had instilled within me the idea that Judaism was a religion with chains. Especially Orthodox Judaism, arguably one of the strictest of the Jewish sects.

“I remember my own mother, forced to wear a wig and long sleeves, even in summer,” she'd say in outrage. “And I remember my father, getting up every morning and thanking God he wasn't a woman.”

My mother swore she would escape from all of it and she did. Her only nod to the religion of her birth was marriage to my father.

The result of all that hatred and contempt against the old ways of Judaism was me. I was my parents' only child, a sexually free feminist who had no idea about her religious identity and who couldn't have cared less. My only goal after leaving college was to make a lot of money and to get as much cock as I could. I liked guys and I liked screwing. And—lucky me—I was able to get a lot of both. That is, until Joel came into my life.

I'm not going to say Joel was a challenge or he played hard to get. In fact, the opposite was true. From the first time we saw one another at the local coffee house, there was instant magnetism between us. As we talked, my mind made the logical jump from the coffee house to my bed, which was why I was bewildered when he dropped me off on my

doorstep that night with a smile, a pleasant comment, and just a bare touch of his fingers on mine. I was even more bewildered when he called the next night to see if I was free. I was so bewildered, I made sure to mention it on our date.

"Hmmm," he said as he twirled his spaghetti on his fork. He'd ordered spaghetti with marinara sauce—no cheese. "I thought it was the guy who was supposed to put the bum rush to get the woman into bed."

"Don't be obnoxious." I poked at my own Veal Parmesan and took a bite. "Are you going to deny there is *something* between us?"

"Not at all," Joel said with a cheerful grin. "You get me hot, no doubt about that."

"Then why?" He laughed at my frustration.

"I'm saving myself for marriage," he told me.

"Seriously."

"I *am* being serious."

I looked at this gorgeous hunk of man with his thick blond hair and velvet green eyes. I wanted him so badly, I couldn't think straight.

"You're not one of those celibacy nuts, are you?"

"Worse," Joel said, grinning again. "I'm an Orthodox Jew." My fork fell from my fingers as I gazed at him, stunned.

"I know, I know," he said, shoving more spaghetti into his mouth. "I don't look Jewish. It's a real problem. Bane of my existence."

Of course, with my own red hair and green eyes, I wasn't exactly the stereotypical Mediterranean Jew either, but that was beside the point. I'd been brought up on the old

stereotype of Orthodox Jews, men and women so proscribed by rules and rituals, they had no place in the mainstream society. But Joel didn't look chained or proscribed at all. He was a brilliant man with a devastating wit and a body to match. But the body, apparently, wasn't available.

"You're not a virgin, are you?" I couldn't help blurting it out and he raised an eyebrow at me.

"No more than you are," he said. "But I'm saving myself for the woman I marry."

"Lucky girl," I mumbled, burying myself in my non-kosher, meat-and-cheese dish.

"Yes, you are." He spoke cheerfully, but his words staked his claim. Although I thought he'd been kidding, Joel told me later, he knew I'd be his wife from the moment he laid eyes on me. What he could have seen in a non-observant Jew like me, he never said. But from that date, he pursued me with a quiet relentlessness I found amazing, particularly given my initial cold response to him. If I couldn't have Joel physically, I didn't want him. I turned my back on his overtures. But one night, after kicking my fifth lover in as many weeks out the door, I got dressed and went to his apartment.

"Okay, we'll try it your way," I said as soon as he opened the door. "But no weird clothing or wigs. And no bullshit about thanking God you're a man instead of a woman."

Joel was in a green bathrobe—a deep green one that matched his eyes—and it took all my restraint not to seduce him right there. But he smiled and shook his head.

"What the hell have they been telling you about us, anyway?"

During the next six months, while Joel and I dated, my family grew increasingly hostile. Things came to a head one Sunday when I brought Joel home to meet the parents.

Joel was the epitome of politeness, sincerely complimenting my mother on the meal, despite the fact it was deliberately non-kosher. This was my mother's way of striking back at me for daring to embrace the faith she'd renounced years before. My father, in the meantime, ignored us, shoveling food into his mouth and leaving to watch the football games at the end of the meal.

Things didn't get much better as the long day droned on. As I helped my mother clean up from the lunch, she looked disdainfully at the clothes I wore; the long skirt, the long-sleeved blouse.

"Does he have you in a wig yet?" she asked a sneer in her voice. "Or does that come later?"

"This was my choice," I said, trying to be as calm as I could. "He's not forcing me to do anything."

"Now he isn't," she said. "But God forbid, if you should marry him, he'll have you chained to his way of thinking. And you won't be able to divorce him unless he says so. This is what I fought so hard for—so my daughter could go off and marry a man who will keep her hostage? Well, don't count on me giving a blessing to this relationship."

Torn between guilt over my supposed betrayal of my upbringing and anger at her attitude, I clenched my fists. "No one's talking marriage," I hissed. "Not yet. But if we do get married, I want you miles away from us."

She stared at me, incredulously. "You dare talk to me like that?"

"Yes, I do!" I shouted back. "It's my life and if you can't handle it, then fuck off!"

She looked at me as if I'd slapped her in the face, and no wonder. I'd never been so brutal toward her in my life. But then again, I'd never seen her hostile side, either. Not like this.

Before we could say anything else, I left the kitchen and went into the living room, where Joel was watching the football game in uncomfortable silence with my dad.

"We're going," I told him.

He looked at me quizzically, but seeing the expression on my face, didn't argue. He thanked my dad, who said nothing, and we left. Once in the car, I burst into tears. Joel put his arms around me to comfort me, one of the few physical moves he made toward me since the start of our relationship. After I calmed down, he released me as I told him about the scene in the kitchen.

"It must be love," I told him, my voice still hoarse with tears. "I've never told my mom to fuck off before."

Joel chuckled and pressed my hand briefly. "I'm honored at your use of foul language on my behalf," he told me and I laughed, feeling somewhat better.

As I fell deeper in love with Joel, I found myself falling in love with his religion as well. But the chastity restriction continued to chafe. We never kissed and rarely held hands. I told myself it didn't matter. Wasn't it more important we could talk with one another and be comfortable with one



another? And wouldn't waiting mean that much more when consummation finally occurred?

But after meeting Joel's parents for the first time on Shabbat and seeing the open, physical, affection between the two, my frustration came to a boil.

"What is it with you?" I said angrily to Joel as he walked me home from his parents' house. "You keep your desires and sexual energy so under wraps it's a wonder you function at all."

At that, Joel turned on me. I'd never seen him so angry. "Is that all you can think about with me? I thought we'd been over this again and again! Is that still on your mind?"

"Damn right it is!" I shot back, my frustration making me volatile. "This stupid religion with the stupid scriptures and all these stupid laws about chastity and purity and everything else. I'm ready to explode!"

"It's not all rules and regulations." Joel's voice was low and tense and I shivered at the unfamiliar tone in his voice. "Listen."

He stopped, stood for a long moment, hands in his pockets, deep in thought. Then he spoke, almost reverently.

"How beautiful are thy steps in sandals. The roundings of thy thighs are like the links of a chain, the work of the hands of a skilled workman. Thy navel is like a round goblet, wherein no mingled wine is wanting; thy belly is like a heap of wheat set about with lilies. Thy two breasts are like two fawns that are twins of a gazelle. How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!"

When he finished, he took a deep breath. "Song of Songs," he said hoarsely. "A rabbi once described that as an incredibly long, incredibly erotic sex poem."

I didn't know anything from poetry or rabbinical interpretation. The only thing I knew was his voice had caressed the words of the poem the way I wanted his hands to caress my body. That, combined with my self-enforced chastity, excited me beyond belief. I looked at him—we'd stopped beneath a street light—and saw my lust mirrored there. His eyes glittered and his face was flushed as he stared at me. I swallowed, trembling, not knowing what to say. But then Joel reached out, pulled me to him, and kissed me hard.

As his lips moved wantonly on mine, as his tongue thoroughly explored my mouth, I could only cling to him, my senses reeling. I had not expected this. Joel had been so in control of himself whenever we were together, I supposed his gonads had been made of stone. But pressed closely against him and locked tight in his embrace, I knew it wasn't stone lying against my lower belly.

His lips left mine then, and moved to my ear. He ran his tongue around the curve of my ear and down my lobe. I couldn't stop shaking, especially as he moved his hips against mine, whispering hot words of arousal that almost pushed me over the brink.

"This is hell on me, too," he said in a husky voice. "All I can think about is you, Annie; naked, ready, your legs spread. I can feel how hard your nipples are when I suck them. My mouth is on your skin and you taste so good. My hand is between your legs and you're wet and oh, God, you're

so ready. I can taste your juices, Annie, even while I'm tonguing you, feeling your clit grow huge. My cock is inside of you—"

"No!" With every ounce of my willpower, I pulled myself from his embrace. I stood before him, trembling hard, my knees weak, my body on fire. I could envision everything he was saying. I could feel the sweetness of his tongue as it slid into me, could feel his fingers stroking my nipples until they were swollen and engorged, could feel the hot desire racing through my blood as the physical encounter raced toward its inevitable conclusion. But I also knew once that conclusion was reached, we'd never see each other again. To him, I'd be the woman who'd made him lose control without benefit of wedding vows.

He'd never forgive me for that.

"I want you," I said, my voice shaking despite my best efforts. "But I won't sacrifice the rest of our lives just for one night."

Even while he nodded acknowledgement of my words, I could see him fighting for control. In pained amusement, I studied my own reaction. A one-night stand with him had once been all I was after, once upon a time. But thanks to Joel, everything had changed.

A week later I accepted his proposal of marriage.

\* \* \* \*

That was it, as far as my parents were concerned. My mother harangued me, my father disowned me and my friends laughed hysterically.

"What are you going to do with all your black frilly underwear?" remarked one snidely.

But my future in-laws were welcoming, much to my surprise. This was Joel's second marriage—his first was to a non-Jew and I think his parents were relieved that at least I was a member of the tribe. His first brief marriage, Joel told me, had been part of his rebellious phase, a time during which he tried to pull away from the religion of his birth. When I asked him if I, Ms. Non-Observant, had been another rebellious act on his part, he shook his head.

"I had the feeling you'd come around to my way of thinking," he told me, and I laughed.

But I was finding that "his way of thinking," as he so colorfully put it, was no hardship. I enjoyed many of the rituals connected with Judaism, realizing they also solidified the already deep connection I shared with Joel. He and I could carry on conversations for hours or simply sit silently with one another.

"You two find the true spirituality with one another," said Joel's father, a man from whom Joel received his incredible good looks. "It means more to sit in silence at times than to constantly yatter at each other."

But being with Joel meant being with him physically. After that fateful night of the Song of Songs, his nearness was a challenge. There were days when he wouldn't touch my hand. But the looks he sent me conjured visions of tangled sheets and sticky, sweaty bodies. It was during this time, too, that we learned to seduce each other with words rather than our bodies—a trick we carried into our marriage. While I

understood chastity meant we could learn about each other as people before becoming lovers, there were nights when I was ready to explode. When I confessed this to Joel, he ruefully told me there were nights when he did actually explode.

"I thought spilling your seed on the grounds was against Talmudic law," I said to him.

"It's actually Old Testament tradition," he explained with a sigh. "And tradition does make allowances for wet dreams. At least I hope to God it does."

With all the sexual frustration boiling between the two of us, I think it surprised us both that on our wedding day—a day during which my parents were absent, big surprise—Joel and I were too tired to do much more than take a token sip of champagne and attempt a make-out session after closing the door of our hotel room on the well-wishers. But after a few minutes, we knew it wouldn't work. Exhaustion had set in.

"I'd been warned that this might happen," Joel said with a laugh as he climbed into bed. "But I never would have believed it. Especially with us." I laughed, too. Snuggling up against him, secure in the comfort of his arms, I fell asleep.

Later that night, I awoke to moonlight shining through a chink in the hotel curtain. But it was Joel who had awakened me, his hard body pressed against my back, his erection solid against my ass. His hands found my breasts and were stroking my slowly enlarging nipples. I moaned softly and moved against him.

"Okay," he whispered when he realized I was awake. "It's time to end the waiting."

His hand moved lightly between my legs, his touch creating a deep, untamed ache inside me. He rolled me over on my back, his mouth meeting mine in a passionate kiss of incredible sweetness. I clung to him as his tongue searched my mouth and traced my lips, and as his hands moved over my body with a thoroughness that left me gasping. When he lifted his head to study me, I shivered at the mix of deep love and burning need in his glittering eyes. I touched his face, flushed in the moonlight, unsurprised to see my hands were trembling. I was wet just from those few preliminaries; my whole body was shaking, screaming for release from the intense lust whipping through my veins. I was no novice in the bedroom, but never in my life had I been so ready for any man.

Joel's lips moved to my ear. "'Thy lips, O my bride, drop honey—honey and milk are under thy tongue.' From Song of Songs." Then he entered me with a suddenness that had me reeling. As Joel shivered with the onset of his own orgasm, the wild throbbing in the pit of my belly spread throughout my body. I wasn't human any more, I was a mass of hot, aching desire that continued to build as Joel drove his hips fiercely against me, burying his cock deeper into me, murmuring sex words in my ear. Finally, as I climaxed, I burst into tears.

I was still crying as he shuddered deeply and came. When he was finished, he pulled out and held me in his arms, not saying anything, just stroking my hair and kissing me softly. Once I got myself under control, I told him I didn't know sex could be so beautiful, so uplifting ... and so holy.

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He smiled at me, then and touched my nipple, which went hard under his fingers. Almost unthinkingly, I leaned into his hand. I craved his touch again and I knew he sensed it as he leaned forward and captured my lips in his.

"That's why we wait," he had said, softly. His lips moved deliciously against mine, his warm hand slowly and sensuously stroking my back. "Because this is such a holy act."

\* \* \* \*

These days, I don't cry after we make love. I still consider our unions holy, though, especially those consummated during Shabbat. Such unions during Shabbat, I'm told, are considered "double Mitzvahs." In other words, God looks down kindly on husbands and wives who honor the day of rest by enjoying one another's bodies.

But before Joel and I can partake in the double Mitzvah, there is Shabbat eve to enjoy. As much as I want my husband, the Shabbat meal, with all its wonderful rituals, is wonderful as well. Our family gathers at the dinner table as the sun sets. Joel pours the wine, which glows ruby red in crystal glasses. As I expect, Jonathan slyly tries to wheedle out of the grape juice, trying to convince his father he deserves wine.

"They have wine at Shabbat dinner at Daniel's house," he says.

"Then you're welcome to live at Daniel's house," Joel says, pleasantly.

Jonathan pouts, but brightens as I light the candles and we say prayers over the wine; or in my son's case, the grape juice. When we're ready to eat, Jonathan, flushed with importance, chants the *motzi*, the blessing over food. This honor of reciting the blessing has recently been accorded to him, and Jonathan is proud he can do it. Joel's eyes meet mine—in them I can read pride of our son combined with intimate promises of the night to come. I smile and blush, then turn my attention to serving the meal. During the meal, we sing songs, laugh with one another, and discuss the good things that happened to us during the week.

Then comes story time and above Jonathan's protests, bed time. Joel stands firm. He tells our son the next day will be busy, with Saturday morning services and soccer in the afternoon; sports are considered leisure on Shabbat.

*Besides, say Joel's eyes as they rest on me, I want to make love to your mother and I can't do it while you're awake.*

Grumbling slightly, Jonathan moves to his room to get ready for bed. As Joel and I rise from the dinner table, he moves to me, wrapping his arms around me, his mouth hot and hungry on mine. I can feel he is rock hard and I'm weak with my need for him.

"All I could think about today was you," he says as he rotates his hips against me. "About how much I want you. About how it's going to feel to ride you, to come in you."

"Hmmm," I say, worming my hand under his shirt, anxious for the feel of his flesh under my hands. "What a coincidence. That's all I could think about, too."



We're interrupted by Jonathan's voice. He's ready for bed. Joel and I look at each other, guilty as a pair of teenagers caught by their parents. Joel is flushed, his eyes bright, and I'm sure I look just as disreputable, with my breath coming fast in my throat.

"He's going to start knowing what's going on soon," I say, and my husband gives me a withering look.

"What makes you think he doesn't know now?" he says and I have to smile.

Jonathan is amenable enough as Joel does bedtime prayers with him. It is my turn now. I usually sing a couple of songs to my son, something I've done since his babyhood, something he is reluctant to give up, even though he is ten years old going on thirty-five.

As Jonathan drifts to sleep, I arise and make my way toward our downstairs guest bathroom, anticipation worming deep into my belly. We use this bathroom on such nights because it has the bathtub that is large enough for both of us, and it's far from Jonathan's room. We get loud sometimes, and we don't want to alarm our son with the noise. Technically, Jews are not supposed to bathe during Shabbat, at least not in hot water. But we've gotten around this by pouring boiling water in the tub before sunset and allowing it to cool to a tolerable temperature by the time we're ready.

Besides, we both consider the bath as a purification of sorts; a Friday night ritual even when no sex is involved. On those nights, we sit in the tub together and talk about the day's events while polishing off the last of the dinner wine. Joel will rub my feet or I'll rub his; then we'll go to bed.

Then there are nights like tonight.

Joel is already naked and in the bath. He greets me with a smile.

"He's asleep," I announce.

"Thank God," Joel says, rolling his eyes and we both laugh the relieved laugh of parents who now have the evening to themselves.

"Why don't you join me?" he invites.

"You must be a mind reader," I say. "Just let me get undressed."

"Take your time."

Joel loves to make love, but he also loves the anticipation. He wants me to strip slowly, to unveil myself piece by piece to his hungry eyes. The long-sleeve silk blouse I wear slides off my shoulders and pools beside me on the bathroom floor. As I step out of my skirt, I smile at Joel's gasp. Although my wardrobe had changed when I became serious about Joel, I'd kept the black underwear and I have it on tonight—a black lace bra, garter belt, stockings, and sheer panties. While the Orthodoxim don't necessarily condone such lingerie, I'd never heard anyone speak against it, and I figure God doesn't mind.

I slowly undo the back of my bra, letting it drop. My nipples are hard, partly from exposure and partly because I'm aroused by the show I'm putting on. Keeping my eyes on Joel's, I lick my index finger and bring it down to one nipple. Circling the peak with my moist finger, I feel a flash of desire move through my body and it's all I can do not to moan. I hear Joel's intake of breath. He likes it when I play with

myself and has, ever since he walked in on me that one afternoon.

Slowly, I lean over and slide off my black underwear before beginning to undo my garter belt.

"Don't," he says, his voice husky. "You look hot."

I stand for a moment, feeling his gaze devour me. I've heard of looks being able to kill, but there are times when Joel's looks come close to making me climax.

"Come here." His voice is thick with his desire. I move toward him slowly, giving him more time to drink me in. I climb into the tub, the warm water embracing me like a lover. Then my human lover's arms wrap around me, his fingers trailing down my back until they reach the crack of my buttocks. I can't help gasping as he gently spreads the cheeks and slowly slides his fingers into me from the rear.

"No," I manage to say. "I need you in me—your cock."

Joel obliges, putting his hands around my waist and moving me on top him. I straddle him and he slides right in. I begin to ride him slowly, contracting myself around him, loving the feel of his hardness inside of me. With a groan, he is coming, shooting into me with long thrusts. I feel a wild sweetness in my loins and lower belly. I'm not there yet, but I'm not worried. Joel won't forget about me.

He lies beneath me, eyes closed, trembling. He opens his eyes—they're a soft green now—and smiles at me. "That was worth the wait," he tells me.

"For one of us," I say, shrugging. "I'm still waiting."

"Cocktease," he says, and before I can respond, he pulls one of my nipples into his mouth. I shiver as his tongue

moves slowly, his teeth gently nipping at the hard peak. He pushes my breasts together and runs his tongue tantalizingly over each nipple, inserting each one into his mouth, sucking and licking until both are swollen. My head is swimming from the combination of Joel's clever tongue, the warm water, and his cock, which is soft fire inside of me.

I groan loudly, the sound echoing off the bathroom walls. Joel reaches between my legs to stroke my clitoris, which becomes hard under his touch. Then I'm climaxing loudly and fiercely, feeling hot wetness gush from me to mingle with the warm bath water. I disengage myself from my husband, still trembling violently, and lie on him. His arms are wrapped around me, tenderly.

"We are impatient, aren't we?" he teases as he nuzzles my ear, licks the lobe, and blows on it. While it is his intent to arouse me once again, the bath is getting cold. As I tell Joel this, he sighs in an exaggerated fashion.

Standing, he picks me up and steps lightly out of the tub. He puts me on my feet, strips me of my soaked underwear, grabs a large, fluffy towel, and wraps it around me. He takes great pains to dry me off, paying particular attention to my upper thighs, my still hard nipples, and the area behind my knees. This is an erogenous zone that more often than not brings me to a guaranteed climax. He is trying to make me come again but instead, I take one of the towels and begin massaging his lower body with it, rubbing the towel gently on his erect penis. He closes his eyes as I kneel and take him in my mouth, running my tongue lovingly over the length of his shaft. My other hand is massaging his firm balls while I lick

the underside of his erection. But now I want to taste his balls, so I move my tongue over them as I palm his shaft. Pre-cum oozes from the tip, and I take my fingers and massage the moisture into his penis, hearing his groan.

"Oh, God. Annie." His voice is shaking. "Please." But I'm not going to let him off so easily. Instead, I suck gently at his balls and gently squeeze the tip of his cock, feeling him tremble. "I'm going to explode," he whispers. "I want to be in your mouth when it happens. Please."

I blow on the moisture I've left on his genitals. "Beg me again," I tell him gently.

"You're a sadist," he says. "Please. Take me in your mouth."

Smiling, I slowly slide him back into my mouth, moving my tongue leisurely along the length of his hardness while massaging his ass with my hands. With a huge groan, he holds my head steady and climaxes, sending salty spurts of cum into my mouth and down my throat. When I've sucked him dry, I release him and sit back on my heels, grinning up at him.

"That'll teach you for calling me a cocktease," I say. He growls, leans forward, picks me up, and carries me to the bedroom. He lays me on the bed, then moves on top of me, pinning me down. Taking both my hands in one of his, he pins them above my head, while his other hand moves down my body. As his fingers push through my pubis and find their way into my cunt, I gasp, feeling myself grow wet again, and another climax building. He slowly slides in and out of me, his smiling eyes meeting mine. He's going to force me to have an

Double Mitzvah  
*by Erica DeQuaya*

orgasm, whether I'm ready or not. Good thing for both of us is that I am. Ready, that is.

"I wouldn't boast so much about teaching me a lesson, beloved," he says as he continues his ministrations. "I can give as good as I get. Or haven't you figured that out yet?"

The only response I can provide is a cry as I arch against his hand and come.

At last, sated, we lie next to each other, our hands curled around each other, our bodies close. As I drift to sleep, I think about the activities of the day to come, Our family will walk to our place of worship. As I sit in the women's section on the other side of the screen, I'll take occasional peeks of my husband and son. Joel's eyes will catch mine, and we'll smile at each other. And I'll think of the afternoon; while Jonathan is at a friend's house or taking a nap, Joel and I will resume our love play in the golden Shabbat light.

## Erica DeQuaya

For more than 20 years, Erica DeQuaya has padded her bank account as a freelance journalist, copywriter and scriptwriter (with two produced plays under her belt). During the past year, she's turned her considerable talents and abilities to her first love—writing romances. *Double Mitzvah* is Erica's third published erotic romance (the first with Amber Quill Press). She is also the author of *Backstage Affair* and *Power Play* (which is a *Road to Romance* "Recommended Read"). Erica lives in Texas with her husband/soul mate of more than 17 years, her son and a neurotic dog.

You can visit Erica's home on the web at:

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